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GRIFFITH-STEBBINS

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THE HOME AT RUSHVILLE

GRIFFITH-STEBBINS

A FAMILY HISTORY

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.—Plutarch.

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Rev. Daniel Phillipps.... { b. 1660
m. 1712 to Anne
d. 1722.

Mary Phillipps { b. 1721
m. Rev. D. Williams; d. 1746
d. 1743

Mary Williams..... { b. 1766
m. Rev. Rees Harris
d. 1822

Dorothy Harris { b. 1796
m. to Rev. Emanuel Davies
d. 1855.

Mary Davies { b. 1796
m. 1823 to Rev. Griffith Humphrey
Griffith; b. 1797, d. 1832;
d. 1876. son of Humphrey G.

Reese Harris Griffith.... { b. 1824 in Wales
m. 1852 to Susan P. Stebbins
d. 1904.

Rowland Stebbins { b. 1594
m. Sarah; b. 1591, d. 1649
d. 1671.

Thomas Stebbins { b. 1620
m. 1645 to Hannah Wright; d. 1660
d. 1683.

Samuel Stebbins..... { b. 1646
m. 1679 to Joanna Lamb; d. 1684
d. 1708.

Samuel Stebbins..... { b. 1683
m. 1707 to Hannah Hitchcock; b.
1684, d. 1756
d. 1767.

Luke Stebbins..... { b. 1722
m. 1755 to Sarah Norton; d. 1764

Samuel Stebbins..... { b. 1758
m. 1784 to Sarah Boardman; b.
1763, d. 1833
d. 1833.

Samuel B. Stebbins..... { b. 1794
m. 1823 to Laura Bestor; b. 1797,
d. 1877
d. 1860.

Susan P. Stebbins { b. 1826
m. 1852 to Reese H. Griffith;
d. 1917.

FOREWORD

We have the best authority—the Bible itself—for holding in remembrance our ancestors. Seldom do the inspired writers mention a name, without adding “son of.” Blessings are promised to children and children’s children. Happy are those whose parents could claim such promises. Hence happy are we of the Griffith and Stebbins families, for our parents certainly could and did claim them for us. Common gratitude demands that we know something about them.

For twenty years the family home at Rushville, Illinois, was a real home for our two grandmothers, and there they brought their treasures, consisting largely of books and letters. When we two were left alone in that home we brought those letters from the trunks in the attic and read them with great interest.

We remember, too, bits of experience, told us by grandmothers and parents. All of these we will try to weave together for our brothers and their children, lest even the names of our ancestors be forgot. One will write of the Griffith family, the other of the Stebbins.

EFFIE BESTOR GRIFFITH.
LAURA ELLA GRIFFITH.

December, 1918.

GRIFFITH

1660-1918

Father was always proud of his Welsh ancestry. At one time we asked him to write something of the history of the family and we will quote a part of what he wrote:

“Where did the Griffiths come from? Blessings on this good old Welsh stock! In our family it is pure and choice, the same blood that gathered around the walls of Caernarvon Castle, and, defeated as they were, declared to the Saxon monarch that they would never serve any sovereign that was not born on Welsh soil. In Caernarvon Castle was born that day a son. Edward took the child in his arms, climbed the battlements of the castle and cried to the Welsh priests and nobles, who had come down from the mountains: ‘Here is your sovereign, the Prince of Wales!’ One joyful shout was heard, their arms were thrown down and from that day the eldest son of the British monarch has been known as the Prince of Wales and the Principality of Wales has been a part of Great Britain.

“A few miles south of Caernarvon, in North Wales, is a little fishing village, named Pwllheli. Here lived on his farm of a few acres on the seashore one Humphrey Griffith. I know little about him except that he had a large family of sons and daughters and that one of his daughters told me that a bookseller once came to him and he bought for each of his children a large folio Welsh Bible. The one that my father received is in my possession today and will descend, I hope, to my eldest son and from him to his eldest son and so be a perpetual heirloom in the fam-

ily. Two sons of Humphrey Griffith came to America, Richard Walter and Griffith Humphrey. The latter had been a draper or dry goods merchant in Pwllheli.

"In South Wales was a chapel called Hanover, near the rural village of Llanover. Only a few steps distant was the manse, but, alas, the youthful pastor had no helpmeet! So he, the Rev. Emanuel Davies, came up to Pwllheli, like Jacob, in search of a wife. Two miles from the town was the Gwynfryn farm, on which lived another Independent minister, Rev. Rees Harris, with his wife, two sons and one daughter. To this daughter the young minister told the tale of his lonely home. It fell on not unwilling ears and soon Dorothy Harris went to Hanover as the wife of Emanuel Davies.

"Children came, nine in all. As the cage was small, a daughter, Mary Davies, went to Pwllheli to the Gwynfryn farm to live with the aged grandmother. To cheer her in her loneliness came up from the village Griffith Humphrey Griffith, the young merchant. Whether it was the atmosphere of the old minister's home, or some other influence that was brought to bear, I know not, but this I know, the store was closed, the yard stick was thrown down and the *Rev.* Griffith Humphrey Griffith married Mary Davies. A grand, good bargain it was for young Griffith. I don't think he could have found her equal in all Wales with the United Kingdom thrown in.

"The marriage was in 1823. On Nov. 5, 1824, a son was born. The neighbors said he was a 'proper child' and he was duly baptized in Pen Lang Chapel, Pwllheli, where I myself read the record of the baptism. He was given the name of his great-grandfather, Rees Harris, and he 'still lives.'

"The next spring father, mother and child came to America and settled in Somers, New York, where the father became the pastor of the Presbyterian church. More children were born to them, in all three sons and one daughter.

"How they moved to the wilds of Michigan in 1832: how the father died, and then the little daughter soon after: how the mother was left with the three boys, the oldest only seven, and with very little money, but with wonderful health and energy, with unconquerable will, with intense devotion to her children and with a holy confidence in God and love for Him and His church: all this and a great deal more I cannot tell now.

"How God has led us, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, you all know and we will praise Him through all eternity for our Godly progenitors and for all the way He has led them and us."

Although father did not mention it, and cared little about it save to be amused, some branches of our family glory in the fact that we, at one time, belonged to the nobility, only escaping through an untitled younger son.

The first of our ancestors of whom we have positive knowledge, is Rev. Daniel Phillipps, whose father was probably a younger brother of Sir John Phillipps of Picton Castle. The Rev. Daniel Phillipps was born in 1660. In 1684 he took charge of the church at Pwlheli, succeeding Rev. Mr. Maurice, another Independent minister, a non-conformist, one of the ejected and once shot at in his pulpit.

In 1712 Daniel Phillipps married the widow of Mr. Maurice, Anne, the owner of the farm Gwynfryn. We do not know how long Gwynfryn had belonged to the family, but it was the home of at least four suc-

ceeding generations. Daniel Phillipps died there in 1722. We have his shorter catechism, printed in 1696, and in which he wrote his name.

Daniel and Anne Phillipps had five children, two sons, who become ministers, and three daughters, who married ministers. In 1723, the year following the death of Daniel Phillips, Anne married Rev. Richard Thomas.

Quite a record had Anne, with three husbands, two sons and three sons-in-law all ministers. In 1870 no less than fourteen of her descendants were or had been ministers, including the husbands of daughters. In Father's generation there was but one, Rev. Alden Davies of London. In our own, for the first time in at least two hundred and fifty years, there is not one ordained minister.

We have a Welsh Bible, printed in 1717, in which is written:

"Anne Thomas, her book, 1723.

"Mary Williams, her book, daughter of the above.

"Mary Harris, her book, daughter of the above Mary Williams, 1760.

"The gift of the above Mary Harris to her granddaughter, Mary Davies, in the year 1817."

Father wrote his name under his mother's.

We know nothing of Anne's daughter Mary, who was born in 1721, except that she married Rev. D. Williams, but her daughter Mary was the wife of Rev. Rees Harris of Gwynfryn, and the grandmother with whom Grandmother Griffith lived. She was an aristocratic soul and would not allow Grandmother to associate with the children of the village, for fear that she might learn the Welsh language, which was not good form then, as it was later. She never did speak Welsh, although Grandfather Griffith did.

Grandmother's father, Rev. Emanuel Davies, who married Dorothy Harris, was minister at Hanover for forty-eight years. When Father was three months old, his mother took him there to visit her parents and we have several letters which Grandfather wrote to her. They are in excellent English and give interesting accounts of his daily life; of his trouble in getting the maid up in the morning; of eating his meals, while holding a book with one hand, as he does not have his "dearest Mary to converse with." He supposes she will "shorten the little petticoats of Rees Harris soon so as to be able to display his pretty little feet."

They were then considering the tremendous undertaking of emigrating to America. Of course some of their friends remonstrated. One thought it was especially important that a man who could preach either in Welsh or English should remain in Wales. One minister urged that if he really must have a change of country he should go to Madagascar! The needs there were so great!

However, in the spring of 1825, when Father was five months old and his parents twenty-eight, they were brave enough to venture all, and leaving weeping relatives and friends, sailed away to an unknown land.

Very soon after their arrival Grandfather was employed by the "Missionary Society" to travel in their interest. It gave him an opportunity to become acquainted with the country and people and, as his father-in-law wrote, "to improve the English delivery of his sermons." He was so well received and liked by everyone that he wrote to Grandmother: "I entirely forget that I am a stranger in a strange land."

In June, soon after arriving in New York, Grandmother wrote to her mother's brother, Rev. Theophilus

Harris of Philadelphia, and received a cordial welcoming letter from him. Later the families exchanged visits and it is evident from his letters to her and to Grandfather, that Uncle Theo. became fond of them both. We have a copy of a hymn book, which he had partly compiled and which he gave to Grandmother, having written in it her name and his own. He had married a widow, Mrs. Henderson, with one son, Samuel Henderson, who always called Grandmother cousin, although, of course, no relation. He became a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, and lived in the old Henderson home, Lynganoir, which still belongs to his daughters, Mrs. Dade and Miss Henderson.

In September of that first year in America, Grandfather received an urgent and unanimous call to the church at Somers, New York. While considering the matter the Missionary Society wrote that he must do what was best and right, but they would part with him with sincere regrets, adding: "Stay with us."

At first the church of Somers thought they could pay only three hundred dollars, which, Grandfather wrote to his wife, would be a large salary in Wales, but small here. They decided to accept the call and on October 3, 1825, began their labors. Great-grandfather Davies wrote to them, from his own experience as a minister: "May you both be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. This is peculiarly necessary for a minister and his family, particularly his wife." We may well be proud of that great-grandfather and the ten letters we have, which he wrote to his daughter, prove it. We also have four written by his wife, dear Dorothy Harris Davies, whose oil portrait Cousin Carl Jenkins has. They had a large family to provide for, and so Great-Grandfather added to their income by keeping a school, as most ministers did in those days,

unless they had farms! When apologizing for tardiness in writing he said "I have thirty-six scholars, many of them learning arithmetic; therefore I have much writing every day, and to write by candlelight is not pleasant." In another letter: "I wish I were in your land of liberty also." "You accepted the best step for your own comfort and that of your posterity." In 1826 he had a Sunday school of forty scholars and his sons and daughters were the teachers. One of his daughters taught a school and received "thirty-five pounds per annum with house and fire."

There was much emigrating to this country about that time and he wrote: "The state of the nation is distressing. Trade and commerce are very low. The Government is doing all it can to mitigate the evil. Our king and his ministers are very patriotic. There is a bill now (1831) in Parliament to reform the House of Commons."

In October, 1830, when Grandfather was in Utica, New York, for a few days with some relatives, he wrote to his wife: "I have been urged very hard to preach in a Welsh church, but have absolutely refused. However, I spoke a little at the communion table yesterday and I was astonished at the clearness, appropriateness and force with which I was able to express myself in the Welsh. It is truly a noble language." He had then been in this country more than five years, preaching, writing and talking in English—hence his surprise.

In the same letter he wrote "I have a present for Rees of Watts' Hymns, from Cousin Margaret." The lad was not quite six years old! Also, "I have got a geography for Rees Harris, which will please you very much. It is in the colloquial style and diverts the science completely of its dryness. It has nine or ten

maps and upwards of fifty plates." We have that geography now, and it was written in 1788, so was forty-two years old then, proving what treasures books were. It tells of the thirteen states, of New York City with thirty thousand inhabitants and Philadelphia with forty-five thousand. Congress had decided that year that American money should be in mills, cents, dimes and dollars instead of pounds and shillings: It gives the number of known varieties of birds, snakes, etc., in this country. It is truly interesting *for us* and the science divested of its dryness—but we hope it was not administered to the small boy for a few years.

Grandfather's brother, Richard, came to this country in 1826, and lived in New York City. In about 1830, when he was a widower, with one son, Thomas, he visited his brother, in Somers, and found there another guest, Sarah Harris, daughter of Uncle Theo. of Philadelphia, and cousin of Grandmother. Romance followed and they were married. Their home was in New York, then in Cuba, and later in Philadelphia, and their children were Richard, Mary, Alfred, Henderson and Warren. Another daughter of Uncle Theo.'s, Ann, married Mr. Wilstach. Their collection of paintings, valued at one million dollars, they bequeathed to the city of Philadelphia, with one million dollars to house, care for and add to it. It is now in Fairmont Park.

Grandfather Griffith remained with the church at Somers until the summer of 1832, when he decided to go west, hoping the change would benefit his health, which had become very poor. In July he left his family in Detroit and went on to Tecumseh, Michigan, where a church without a pastor welcomed him gladly. He wrote to his wife that he was well pleased and

would come for her very soon, that he had bought a farm of eighty acres, one mile from the court house for six hundred dollars. He said "I bought it so that I can redeem my pledge to my little boys that they should have a large yard and a beautiful one. The farm, say good judges, is a great bargain." The man of whom he bought it gave him the original patent, signed by J. Q. Adams, and which we now have. He also wrote: "Charge Mr. Roberts about getting the pup. It is to be Rees Harris' dog. Don't fail, because it is important." The country was evidently not as wild as he had expected, for he wrote: "These are a clever people. I think you'd better get your silk dress made and bonnet fixed."

He started to go for his family, but was taken sick at Ypsilanti and wrote that he would not be able to proceed that week and asked Grandmother to come to him. The illness proved to be cholera, which was terribly prevalent then and for several succeeding summers, and he died before she arrived. He had the best of care in the home of Rev. Ira Weed, who, when we were children, came to Rushville and preached for three months, a guest at our house.

Twenty-five years ago I spent a day in Ypsilanti, with Mrs. Weed and daughter and was told many interesting things about Grandfather and Grandmother, both of whom Mrs. Weed admired greatly. They took me to the cemetery to visit Grandfather's grave, and it was a real surprise to me to see "aged thirty-five." I had always thought of him as "grandfather." Laura and I were there last year. The grave is in a beautiful spot and has perpetual care.

Thus ended, so early, a life full of promise. A few months after his arrival in this country, while he was traveling for the Missionary Society, he was given this

letter by one minister to another: "The Rev. Mr. Griffith has been with us more than a week, and has preached for us three times. I cannot forbear giving him my warmest recommendation to you and your congregation. I consider his talents of the highest order. His theological sentiments are perfectly orthodox, his piety undisputed and his disposition amiable. He is just such a man as I would, as a member of a congregation, choose for my instructor and pastor. Although a foreigner, this is the country of his choice. He has none of the conceits and self-sufficiency of the Briton. He is a republican and American in his principles and feelings. Your brother joins me in this unqualified recommendation." The brother referred to was a member of the Congress of the United States.

A Mrs. Norris of Ypsilanti, who was with Grandfather when he died, wrote years later that she had always thanked God for granting her the privilege of witnessing so triumphant a death.

Naturally, Grandmother was overwhelmed at being left alone in a strange country, with four small children and only the poor little farm for support. At first she thought of trying to manage the farm herself, but finally decided to take a small house in town and open a private school. The infant daughter died a few weeks after the father. The farm was rented, the school begun and kept up for nearly twenty years. The people of the church and town were kind to the minister's widow, in many ways. One man loaned her a cow, and when, some time later he gave it to his daughter, friends bought another and presented it to her. Records divulge the fact that the cost of that cow was ten whole dollars!

Grandmother Griffith was really a remarkable woman. Of great strength of character, of unusual edu-

cation and culture for those days, always careful of her personal appearance, dignified, as befitted the widow and descendant of clergymen, equally at ease in conducting a "female prayer meeting" or in social affairs, she was admired, revered and loved by friends and acquaintances.

When Grandfather died, her nearest relative in America was a younger brother, Emanuel, who had come to this country two years before, when he was only nineteen. He was then living near Detroit and wrote to his sister that he hoped soon to visit her, asking if the stage went all the way from Detroit to Tecumseh. We do not know whether he did go or not, but the next summer, 1833, some business opening sent him south and on the way he wrote from Cincinnati, and was never heard of again, disappearing utterly. Friends tried to trace him, but failed and decided that he may have had cholera and was put off of boat or stage in some small town. Three years later his father asked in a letter if the boy's trunk was ever found, but it was not. His mother wrote: "All of Emanuel's letters breathed piety."

In one letter from her father, Grandmother is told: "You are much better off than you could be as a minister's widow in Britain." In another she is admonished: "Introduce your sons early to the classics," and she certainly did, for Father could read Latin when nine years old. She managed to give her boys thorough educations and they were ambitious enough to make real efforts themselves. We know that Father studied for a time at a branch of Michigan University, in Monroe. They all taught country schools when very young. One year Father clerked in a store in Munroe, when he was about sixteen, and was paid fifty dollars a year and board. We have his expense

account, and he not only bought his own clothes and some things for his mother, but finished the year with a splendid letter of recommendation and a few dollars to his credit. It was the rule of his life to spend less than his income, whatever that income was.

During some of those years there were dark days, and Grandmother had to put a mortgage on her farm, and the holder of that mortgage, a wealthy lawyer, renewed it at 10 per cent! Let me say here that Father managed to pay off a large part of it while teaching school in the south.

Some letters from Britain received during those years have interested us. One, written in 1830, by a cousin of Grandmother's, Rice Hopkins, a civil engineer in partnership with his father, his brother being an architect. They were quite celebrated, and had, a short time before, built the longest bridge in Great Britain. He wrote that the Queen had passed over it soon after its completion and "we erected, at considerable expense, triumphal arches." "By her majesty's permission our men took the horses from her carriage and drew it over the bridge. My father, brother Thomas and I walked by the side of the carriage and her majesty conversed with my father in the most affable manner for nearly half an hour. She expressed herself highly gratified at the attentions showed her and thanked my father for them." All of which meant much to her loyal subjects.

One of Grandfather's sisters married Rev. William Ambrose, "one of the most famous and beloved of Welsh hymn writers." He always wrote under the *nom de plume* "Emrys." A Welshman gave Arthur a hymn book containing several of his hymns, one of them marked "Always sung at funerals." The Welsh have a wonderful annual musical event, "Eisteddfod,"

attended by thousands. Each year they select, by vote, the favorite poet, or "bard," and he was crowned and given a silver medal at the last session. Uncle Ambrose was so honored several times. When Father visited Aunt Ambrose, after Uncle's death, she showed him the medals, and as he was greatly interested, she gave him two, and they are now among our treasures. Surprise has been expressed, by both Welsh and English people, because they were allowed to be taken out of that country, so highly are they valued. One of the medals is dated 1838, the other 1857. We have also steel engravings of Uncle Ambrose, taken from magazines.

In the summer of 1845, when Father was twenty years old, he planned to go to Princeton to study theology, but was persuaded by friends in Bedford, N. Y., to go there first and study with the minister for a few months, and begin work at Princeton the first of January. In August he made the long, tedious journey, waiting days at Detroit for a boat to take him to Buffalo, then crossing New York state by canal, at such a slow rate that occasionally he walked for a rest. At Albany he took a Hudson river packet for New York City, where he visited a few days, writing home of "sight seeing in Gotham." Then on to Bedford, where he was cordially received by friends of his parents. In October he was very ill and the doctor ordered all study stopped. He was an invalid during the entire winter and the journey home to his anxious mother could not be attempted until the latter part of March. Even then friends feared he would not live to finish it, and expected never to see him again. So ended all his hopes of becoming a minister. His health did improve and the next October he was teaching again, writing to his brother, Humphrey, that he was to have

eighteen dollars a month, and his board, for five months, so would have a nice sum of money by spring if he could keep his health.

Uncle Humphrey went south in 1846. As Father was frail and had trouble, particularly with his throat, he decided, in the fall of 1847, to join his brother in Pikeville, Miss. While on the Tennessee river the water was so low that the boat could go no further than Buzzard's Roost, Alabama. Father found that a teacher was needed there, and, taking the school, remained about a year, going then to Florence, Alabama. Uncle Humphrey was there too for a while and, as Father enjoyed telling, was known as "the handsome Mr. Griffith," to distinguish him from his older brother!

One Sunday, Father rode horseback to Buzzard's Roost to church and saw a face which captured him at once. He vowed to himself that he would have that girl if he could possibly manage it. She was Susan Stebbins, and a most ardent courtship was begun. We came through that part of Alabama a few weeks ago, for we are writing in Florida. It is a beautiful, rolling country, and the trees were gorgeous in their autumn coloring. Cotton fields were white and darkies were at work in them, picking. We had heard so much about it that it seemed a dear familiar picture and we could easily go back the seventy years and imagine those young people driving or riding horseback on those wonderfully attractive roads.

They were such dear young people, those two. In all the letters from them or to them, there is nothing we could wish to have blotted out. Both were loved, honored and thoroughly trusted by relatives and friends. They taught in private schools, always carrying some study of their own. In three months, Father

learned French well enough to read it, taking part of the noon hour for study.

Mother was not easily won. We know that Father was in the depths of despair at times, but in 1851, when Grandfather Stebbins and his family moved to Quincy, Illinois, it had been decided that Father could follow and claim his bride.

In the meantime Grandmother Griffith went on with her school, sometimes having thirty pupils. Uncle Theophilus was at home, teaching a while, then learning the tinner's trade.

In 1848 they were greatly excited over the completion of a railroad to Tecumseh.

In 1849 telegraph wires came and went on to Chicago, and Grandmother was soon amazed and delighted to receive a "telegraphic communication" from Father. It seemed a miracle for letters, with their slow progress by stage and river, had often been as long a time coming from the south as from Wales.

In 1849 when the gold fever was epidemic, Grandmother was at once alarmed about Uncle Humphrey. He had always been unsettled, moving about at any whim, and she felt sure he "would contract the disease," as she wrote to Father, begging him to do all in his power to dissuade him if such were the case. He went, all the same, among the first, and we have letters written on the way and after arriving in California. He was only twenty-three and enjoyed the adventure. He found little gold, but tried one thing after another, finally going on with law studies, begun years before, and became one of the best known and successful lawyers of the state. He drifted into politics and was in the state senate. A few months before his death, in 1864, he was urged to be a candidate for Governor of California.

Grandmother's farm did well, and in 1850, when she sold two hundred bushels of wheat for seventy-five cents a bushel, she finished paying off the mortgage. So the next year, September, 1851, her school having dwindled to eight pupils, because of the growing popularity of the public schools, she decided to take a vacation and visit relatives and friends in the east.

Uncle Theo. went with her, and while she visited in Somers, Bedford and Croton Falls, New York, everywhere being "received with cordiality, bordering onto enthusiasm," he worked at his trade in New York City, where he not only learned the latest things in the business but invested his earnings in fine raiment for the Philadelphia visit. The glories of the broadcloth clothes, satin vest, silk hat and wondrous necktie and collar and cane were perpetuated in a daguerreotype which we recently sent to his sons in Kansas City.

They had a delightful winter. In Philadelphia they found Grandmother's aunt and forty-two cousins, who entertained them royally.

Before she went east Grandmother wrote to Father that she thought it would be best to sell her farm, for many repairs were needed and she did not care to make the outlay. During the winter it was sold for two thousand dollars—twenty-five dollars per acre—and as Father and Uncle Theo. wanted to go into business they borrowed the money from her.

In February Father went north to look for a location. At Quincy he heard of Rushville, then a very promising town, and after a tour of inspection the decision was made and the firm of Griffith & Brother began its career, March 1st, 1852.

Back Father went to Quincy and on the fifteenth day of March was married, taking his bride to St.

Louis by boat for a wedding journey, and incidentally to buy goods for the new store.

During the first year Father taught school, doing the office work of the business at night. For a few months they boarded and Mother taught too; then they began housekeeping and invited Grandmother Griffith to make her home with them. She came that summer and Mother gave her a daughter's care for twenty-four years, during the last seven of which she was an invalid from paralysis. She died in January, 1876, in her eightieth year.

Uncle Theo. was married in the summer of 1852 to Helen Munger, a lovely girl, barely eighteen years old. She and Mother were always very dear friends.

After a few years of hard work in the business, Father's health was impaired and his doctor said he must be outdoors, so he bought horses and wagon and drove for months all over that part of the state, selling tinware to dealers in small towns, and combining financial and physical profit.

During the Civil War the young merchants had a trying time and both families were becoming large, with correspondingly large expense accounts, and it seemed best for one of them to go elsewhere. Father gave Uncle his choice—to go or stay—and he decided to go. In 1864 he moved to Battle Creek, Michigan. A few years later he lived in Southern Illinois, but about 1872 was appointed Indian Agent, an office he retained for more than two years. After a little banking experience in Texas he went into insurance in Lawrence, Kansas, which was his home for several years, until his death.

The first break in our family was the death of Mary, the oldest child, September, 1864, at the age of eleven. It was an overwhelming grief for Father and Mother.

Not many weeks after that Uncle Humphrey died, leaving two orphan children. It took a long time for letters to come and go from California, but it was finally arranged that the children should come to us. In the summer of 1867 they made the long journey by ship to New York via Panama. They had been with different people and were sent separately. Mary, thirteen years old, was under the care of a man and his daughter, who brought her all the way to Illinois. But Humphrey, only ten, came alone. The captain of the ship was asked to look after him and friends of Father's met him in New York and put him on a train for the west, wiring to Father, who met him somewhere in Indiana. The Rushville home was small then, and filled to overflowing with parents, two grandmothers and six children, but the welcome was warm and sincere and the two orphans were made to understand that they were really a part of the family. Mary, dear to us all, was developing into a beautiful womanhood when she died at the age of seventeen. Humphrey was peculiarly attached to both Father and Mother and they to him. He and Charles were Father's partners in business and in every sense of the word. His death, in 1903, was one of the great griefs of Father's life.

A part of the correspondence about Mary and Humphrey, before they came from California, was with a Mr. Roberts and as he had appeared often in family annals, we were interested in tracing him. He was typical of the unrest of so many in those early days. His wife was a cousin of Grandfather's and they came to this country shortly before our Grandparents, who were received into their home, in New York City, City, upon arrival. Five years later Grandfather visited them in Utica New York, Mrs. Rob-

erts being the Cousin Margaret who sent Father Watts' Hymns. When Grandfather went to Tecumseh he left his family with them in Detroit. In 1848, a daughter Anna Roberts, visited Grandmother for several months, going on to Chicago, which we infer was the family home. In 1849 the gold fever found Mr. Roberts an easy victim, but he and his son did not get started until the next year. In California they were found by Uncle Humphrey, who was tired of digging and thought he had discovered a quicker and easier way to wealth. He persuaded Mr. Roberts and son to join him in taking Government claims—three quarter sections on the route to the latest "diggings" midway in a long stretch of road, without accommodations for man or beast. Here they raised stock, cultivated some of the land, put up "shacks" and tents, where wayfarers could exchange gold for sleeping quarters, hired a man cook for twenty-five dollars a month, and furnished meals, had cows and sold milk at fifty cents a quart or a bowl of bread and milk for a dollar, had chickens worth several dollars per capita,—and so secured much gold without the digging. At the same time Uncle was county assessor, working for several weeks for sixteen dollars a day. He always made money wherever he was, later making really great sums and was thought to be a millionaire. The only trouble was that he spent it faster than he made it.

We realize now, as we could not years ago, what a great event it was, in 1873, for Father and Mother to visit their old homes in Tecumseh, Mich., and Sherburne, N. Y. They had not been back since going south in 1847. They were received cordially by old friends and enjoyed exploring familiar haunts, al-

though hills were not so high, nor rivers as wide as memory had painted them.

In the fall of 1885 Father's health was seriously broken, and he was ordered to have a complete change and rest. He went to Wales and England, receiving wonderful benefit and pleasure. He found cousins galore, who showered all sorts of attentions upon him.

Soon after coming to Rushville, Father was made an elder in the church and served for nearly fifty years. He led the choir and was superintendent of the Sunday school for twenty-five years. He then resigned. Charlie succeeded him in the Sunday school another twenty-five years, resigned, but two years later was persuaded to take the office again and holds it now. Father lead the teachers' meeting and taught a large Bible class until a few weeks before his death. His time for study was a half hour or more before breakfast every morning. His Greek testament was always on the library table and lessons were read in the original. He was particularly interested in Sunday school work and for thirty-eight years was on the State Executive Committee. Another special interest was Ministerial Relief, and he served on Presbyterian and Synodical committees in that work.

He built a home in 1857, and as the family grew the house grew also, until it was ample for the family of twelve and frequent guests. Entertaining was one of the great joys of Father's life, a joy in which Mother shared. Many, many are the tales we could tell of ministerial guests, for they were ever welcome. If we had kept a guest book during all those years, it would have held the names of D. L. Moody, B. F. Jacobs, Wm. Reynolds, W. C. Pearce and many others, who have world-wide fame and were Father's personal friends.

As we look back upon that home life, we realize how wonderfully blessed we were. Always was there love and harmony and peace and joy.

The end of Father's earthly life came March 1, 1904, in his eightieth year. It is safe to say that Rushville has had few, if any, citizens more highly respected, loved and honored than was Father. His absolute integrity, his genial personality, his sincere and warm-hearted interest in everything that tended toward the betterment of his beloved town and county, made him near and dear to all who knew him, and there were few in Schuyler county who were not of that number.

Now the family is scattered and we two are left alone in the old home, although the dear elder brother, Charlie, is next door, taking good care of us and taking Father's place in church and city affairs and in business. He was married to Lyde M. Knowles, October 15, 1879, and has two sons, Charles Arthur and Warren Edwin. Lyde died April 13, 1911, and December 2, 1913, he married Elizabeth Speed.

Harry is in St. Paul, where he has been with Belding Bros. for many years. He was married December 23, 1883, to Marie Tintle and they had two children, Reese Harris and Laura Ella. Reese died January 20, 1906, while at college, in the twenty-first year of his age.

Edwin married Emabelle Sherman, June 16, 1897. He died in Rushville October 26, 1916.

William is a lawyer in Santa Barbara, California. He married Clara Hardy June 15, 1899, and they have three children: Harriet, Yale Baldwin and Robert Davies.

Arthur, Charlie's eldest son, grows fruit in Cali-

fornia. He married Susan Sweeney, June 28, 1905, and they have one daughter, Susan Elizabeth.

Warren is a business man of Toledo, Ohio. He married Gertrude Dexter, September 9, 1908. They have two sons, Dexter Knowles and Stebbins West.

Although Father, his sons and grandsons have not followed our ancestors into the pulpit, they have served church and state, been loyal to God and fellow-men and, perhaps, had a wider field of usefulness than if they had been ministers. We are proud of every one of them, thanking God for our beloved men.

E. B. G.

STEBBINS

1591-1918

One of the most valued heirlooms of the Stebbins family is the genealogy published by Luke Stebbins in 1771. In his introduction he writes: "The editors of the following account think it needless to make any excuse or apology for publishing the following pedigree, as it is designed only for the use of themselves and their families and therefore have none to make an excuse or apology to."

So we make no apology for having gathered together the information we possess concerning the family, thinking that it may be of interest to the present generation and perhaps to those who come after us.

The facts have been gleaned from many sources: from old papers, books and letters and from many stories told us by our mother and grandmother.

We are unwilling that these things should be lost when we are gone. We want those who are children now to know something of their sturdy ancestry.

The genealogy referred to, of which we are fortunate in having a copy, is said to be the first one printed in America, and the only one before the Revolution. Some years ago it was mentioned in an article on genealogies, in Blackwood's magazine, in which it was said that if there was an original copy in existence it would be of great value. In 1879 the Boston Genealogical Society printed one hundred copies of it, and we have one of these also.

Quoting again from the introduction, the author says: "It is not to be expected that a particular and minute account should be given of the family of Steb-

bins before their first coming from England to settle in this land. Let it suffice then that the compiler of the following pages has been informed there was one came from England and settled in Roxbury (next town to Boston) soon after the English plantations began in New England. His name was Rowland Stebbins, who had two sons; one settled in Springfield, and the other at Northampton, in the county of Hampshire. The name of the elder son was Thomas and the other John. Thomas settled at Springfield soon after the incorporation of that town, who had five sons, viz: Samuel, Thomas, Benjamin, Joseph and Edward. Samuel was born September 19, 1646, (ten years after the town was first settled)."

Rowland Stebbins was born in the west of England in 1594. His wife's name was Sarah. She was born in 1591 and died in 1649, twenty-two years before the death of her husband. They had seven daughters, besides the two sons, although our ancestor, Luke, seemed to think that too trivial a matter to mention! Indeed he dismisses briefly his great-grandfather and grandfather and devotes the remainder of his remarks to his father and mother.

We know from other records that Rowland came to this country in 1634, at the age of forty, in ship "Francis" of Ipswich, sailing April 30, with his wife Sarah, four children: Thomas, aged 14, Sarah, 11, John, 8, Elizabeth, 6, and servant, Mary Winch, aged 15.

Rowland's son John went to Northampton and some of his family settled in Deerfield and their descendants are there now and a street is named for them; others went to Northfield and Ridgeway, Conn. In his old age Rowland made his home with his son

John and died at Northhampton December 14, 1671.

Miss Sarah B. Stebbins of Chicago, who is descended from John, gave us a copy of Rowland's will, dated 1670. He divides his possessions among his children and grandchildren, and the careful distribution of brass kettles, bell-metal skillets, silk stockings, worst pair of stockings, kersey suits, etc., gives us a clear idea of conditions at that time. These things were probably brought from England thirty-four years before and were, some of them, heirlooms. Very little was manufactured in this country and there were only sailing vessels to bring supplies from England.

Rowland's eldest son, Thomas, was a Lieutenant, and in a fight at Turner's Falls, under Captain Wm. Turner. He had charge of the meeting house at Springfield and of the town powder. He swept out the meeting house and beat the drum, which called the people to meeting. He had a case in court when he and his wife and Jonathan Stebbins, with others were presented to the grand jury "for wearing of silk and that in a flouting manner and attire, for long haire and other extravagances contrary to honest and Labor Order and Demeanor not becoming a wilderness state at least for Profession of Christianity and Religion." In all of our researches we found no other who "came under the law."

Thomas took the oath of allegiance in 1678. He was married in 1645 to Hannah Wright. Their eldest son Samuel, born in 1646, married Joanna Lamb in 1679 and they had three children. Joanna died and Samuel married Abigail Brooks, who had nine children. Samuel Jr., the son of Samuel and Joanna, married Hannah Hitchcock in 1704. They had twelve children; Samuel, Jonathan, Stephen, Hannah,

Aaron, Joanna, Moses, Luke, Sarah, Nehemiah and Thankful. It is pleasant to note that they were still thankful for the twelfth.

Luke, son of Samuel and Hannah, was the compiler of the genealogy. He gives an interesting characterization of his father, a typical New Englander of the Colonial period. He says "He was a kind and tender husband to our honored mother, an affectionate and bountiful father to his numerous offspring." "He took great care to instruct us in reading and writing (in this we are evidences), he exceeded most and had but few equals. He had his children educated in those arts and sciences his circumstances would admit, as seemed most likely to him, would be beneficial to, and render us useful and servicable to our fellowmen in the world."

He told of the care with which they were instructed in religion; how he insisted upon their learning the catechism "and we all know how steadily he asked us the questions every Lord's Day after divine service in the afternoon." The Sabbath was kept with the greatest veneration, beginning soon after sunset Saturday evening "he allowed no worldly business to be done (even to a scruple) nor any worldly conversation till the Sabbath was ended." "When he was laid by through age and infirmity he spent much time in reading and meditation and prayer. He had great esteem of the Rev. Mr. Willard, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Flavel and works of that class." A huge volume of Flavel's sermons has come down to us with the name of Luke Stebbins on the fly leaf, and it probably belonged to his father.

He writes of his mother in most affectionate terms; of her piety, gentleness, meekness, faithfulness and patience. Her health was poor and she became very

"melancholly." Her husband took great pains to comfort and console her, reading to her by the hour from the best authors, Baxter's Saint's Rest being specially helpful. Her last years seem to have been more comfortable for herself and friends.

Luke married Sarah Norton of Kensington, Conn., May 1, 1755. They had three children, Eleanor, Samuel and Parsis. Sarah was only fifteen years old at her marriage and died February, 1764, at the age of twenty-four. It is our understanding that her mother came to live with her and stayed on to care for the motherless children.

From the old Stebbins home at Sherburne, New York, has come to us a little iron kettle, long known as "Granny Norton's Kettle." It is what was known as a "petite" kettle, the three legs made to stand over coals on the hearth. She probably brought it with her to the home of Luke Stebbins. How old it was then is, of course, unknown, but it cannot be far from two hundred years old now, and may be much older.

There is a little Latin grammar, thumb marked and soiled, with the name of Ursula Stebbins, 1783. This is all we know of Ursula, but we can picture a little girl, who was being "educated in the arts and sciences," struggling through the little wooden-bound Latin grammar, old before she wrote her name in it. They believed in female education—those old pioneers.

We know of no one of the name of Stebbins, in the direct line, who fought in the Revolution, although there were many relations of that name in the war, also a number of the Norton, Boardman and Pettibone families. Dr. John Bestor, mother's grandfather, married Rosetta Pettibone. Her father, Dudley Pettibone, mother's great-grandfather, is mentioned in

Connecticut records as being active in the Revolution. His brother was a captain and served during the war.

Samuel Stebbins, son of Luke, was ordained as a minister in 1777, and served the church at Simsbury, Conn., for twenty-seven years, when he removed to Sherburne, New York. He married Sarah Boardman in 1784. The teaspoon marked S. B. was from her bridal silver. From their Sherburne home came the cherry desk and other treasured heirlooms.

Their son, Samuel Stiles Stebbins, Mother's father, was born in 1794. He was ten years old when his father emigrated west from the old home in Connecticut, and settled in Sherburne, New York. An uncle of the father, known as Parson Stebbins, urged them to leave the boy, Samuel, with him and he would educate him and provide for him, as he had no sons of his own and was in comfortable circumstances. As they were venturing into a new country it seemed best to take advantage of the offer. The little fellow watched the wagons out of sight, then ran to the barn and cried himself to sleep. The boy seems not to have been unhappy. Down through the years come glimpses of happy school days, and frolics in the snow, and the close friendship of a little neighbor, Laura Bestor. He went to Yale College and graduated in 1816. Near the close of the war of 1812, he volunteered and marched out with a company of Yale students, but they saw no active service and, with the coming of peace, returned to college.

Grandfather began studying medicine, but as he fainted the first time he witnessed a surgical operation he was advised to give it up and he made teaching his life work.

"Aunt Bicknell," Grandfather's sister, Melissa, was born in 1800. Her husband was a member of Con-

gress during Polk's administration, and she and Mrs. Polk were intimate friends. We have a number of cards, invitations to dinners at the White House and other mementos of this time. Their home was in Morrisville, N. Y., but after Uncle Bicknell's death she came back to the family home at Sherburne and died there in 1886.

Jerusha, another sister, was noted for her wonderful skill with the needle. Beautiful quilts, home-spun linen, blankets, etc., are marked J. S. The old leghorn bonnet too was made by our wonderful "Aunt Jerusha." She was married when about forty years of age to a Mr. Hatch, who was a widower. After his death she went to live with Aunt Bicknell, taking with her an orphan grandson of her husband's. They both became very fond of Willie Hatch and he was devoted to them. When Aunt Jerusha died he stayed on with Aunt Bicknell. When he was nine years old, in 1853, Aunt Bicknell left him with his father's family while she went to Quincy, Illinois, to visit her brother. The boy was homesick and determined to find her. He traveled all the way from Sherburne, New York, to Quincy, alone and with no money. He told his story and people passed him along by boat or train, and he arrived at his destination happy and none the worse for his adventure.

Grandfather Stebbins was married to Laura Bestor in 1823, and lived in Windsor, Conn.

We know nothing of the Bestor family prior to Dr. John Bestor, Grandmother's father. He was born in 1765, married to Rosetta Pettibone, September 18, 1791. He was a surgeon, well known in that part of the country and was often called from distant places for surgical work. He wrote several medical books. Their home, in Simsbury, Conn., was burned, not

many years ago. It was a good example of Colonial architecture and was still kept in good repair. There were great fireplaces, timbered ceilings and a brick oven that baked many pies and loaves of bread. The children were Dudley, born 1792; Henry, born 1794, died 1796; Laura, born 1795; Jane, 1802; John, 1804, died 1806; Eliza, 1807; Ellen, 1810; John Rollin, 1813. The oldest son, Dudley, went to Yale College and we have a number of letters written to him by his father, the first dated 1809. Dr. Bestor was a very busy man, with his professional work and the care of a large farm, besides property left to his wife by her father, and he really needed the help of his son, but decided that he must finish his college course. In one letter Dudley is told of the death of a neighbor, and urged to write to the daughter: "I assure you a letter from you would be appreciated, for Mary is very much your friend," and a postscript warns "If you do write to Mary, be sure to frank your letter." Evidently Mary is in favor with the father of the family. In 1813 he wrote to tell Dudley that he had a new brother, adding "Some think your 'nose will be broken'." Before the end of that year Dudley died at Yale. We have memories of many pleasant stories of the old Simsbury home. The daughters did the spinning and weaving for the family. There were always chests of linen and flannel ready to be made into garments. They were famous housekeepers and cooks, and all were well educated. Grandmother used to tell us of shopping expeditions to Hartford when the girls were fitted out with new bonnets and silk dresses. Every summer there was a visit to the seashore that they might have a change of scene and diet. The wedding dresses were of Levantine satin, that would "stand alone."

The youngest son, John Rollin, was always the special care of his sister Laura. He was twelve years old when the parents died and Grandmother, who had been married two years, had him come to live with her. He married in Baltimore and made his home there. He had twin sons, John Rollin and Rollin John, who were in the Confederate army.

Grandfather Stebbins was a teacher all his life. A few years after his marriage, he took charge of the academy at Pompey Hill, New York, and there the children, Sarah, Susan, Charles and John were brought up, although the two daughters, anyway, were born in Windsor, Conn. He then had a call that seemed attractive. A number of wealthy men in Syracuse, N. Y., asked him to come and open a small preparatory school for their sons. It was the kind of work that suited him best, but as the contract limited the number of pupils, the venture was not a financial success. The daughters helped in teaching. He remained there several years, and some of the boys became famous men. Andrew D. White was prepared for college and his younger brother, Horace, was a small boy in the school.

Grandfather was a fine scholar and an ideal teacher. He was sympathetic and kindly, with a dry humor, which shows in every letter. It was always hard for him to struggle with the practical side of life. Books were his passion and he never could resist buying a beautiful book, even if he needed a coat far more. Fortunately his wife was an energetic New England woman, who was able to adjust herself to circumstances and make the home comfortable with a small income. It was her thrift and economy that kept the little family from financial shipwreck.

In 1846, Mr. Sloan, who had gone to northern Ala-

bama, to start a school, came north for teachers and asked Mother to go. She was only twenty years old and her parents were unwilling to have her go so far from home, but she begged to go; the salary was unusually large and family finances low, so it was decided she should accompany her friend, Miss Kate Reynolds, a girl a few years older. They started January 1, 1847, and were two weeks on the way. The first part of the journey was by stage to Pittsburg and was full of adventures. There were floods and deep mud, causing repeated delays. Often the passengers had to get out and wade through the mud. Many times we have heard the story from Mother. Sometimes they were hindered by soldiers on their way to the Mexican war; sometimes they rode all night. One night the stage was full and she felt a stealthy hand in her muff. She spoke quickly to Miss Reynolds, and the hand was withdrawn. They carried their money in gold in their stockings. After they left the stage at Pittsburg came the long ride down the Ohio river and up the Tennessee to Tuscumbia, Alabama. There is a letter from her father written February 2. They had just received her first letter from Alabama. They were almost sick with anxiety, for they knew something of the dangers and hardships of the journey. Her father wrote: "The letter relieved us of a world of anxiety. We had waited with constantly increasing apprehensions for your safety, as we heard day after day of the frightful floods and terrible disasters on the western waters. But thanks to a kind Providence we hear from our own dear Susan that she is safe and well and at her journey's end." Aunt Bicknell wrote: "It seemed to me a great undertaking, in the heart of winter, for two young ladies to set out for the far south. I thought of you day and night, till I had a line from your father

telling of your safe arrival." There was always a close bond between Mother and Aunt Bicknell. We find a letter written to Mother when she was twelve years old and Aunt Bicknell was in Washington, saying how pleased she was with a letter received from her "dearest niece," "not only with the contents, but also with the beauty of the penmanship."

The five years in Alabama were busy, happy years, at first as teacher in the girls' academy at Tuscumbia, then out on the Barton plantation at Buzzard's Roost, where mother taught in a family school. In a small school building, in a grove, not far from the house, were gathered fifteen children, brothers, sisters and cousins. The young ladies were taught French, music and drawing and the children their A, B, C's.

All this time the little teacher was studying herself, reading Latin, French, Spanish and Italian, practicing on the piano and keeping up her drawing. The close application affected her health and there are anxious letters written by her father and mother giving her instructions about taking care of herself.

The life on a big plantation was a wonderful experience for a northern girl, and furnished a fund of stories and many happy memories for the years to come.

When she went to Mrs. Barton's they were living in a large log house, with an open space through the middle and rooms on both sides. While she was there the fine new house was built. It was a typical southern home, a large frame building with a porch across the front and great columns reaching to the roof. There was a wide hall through the center with a floor kept brightly polished by the slaves. There were twenty house servants besides those on the plantation. The entire estate was managed by Mrs. Barton, who was a widow. While she was building the house she sent

to the commission merchant who sold her cotton in New Orleans, and had him buy for her complete furnishings. The mahogany furniture for the parlors, the huge mahogany four-posters, with damask hangings, even the silver on the great sideboard, were all purchased in that way. There were many social festivities in the beautiful house, and calls made to neighboring plantations on horseback or in the family carry-all driven by a trusty old negro. Always Miss Stebbins was included, as an honored member of the family.

The eldest daughter was married while Mother was there, and for weeks following there was a round of parties. As the wedding guests came from all over the county, many remained for the night. It was all ante-bellum plantation life at its best. Even then there was beginning to be friction between North and South, and sometimes there were heated discussions at the Barton table, and remarks made by guests that were hard for the little Yankee lady to bear. But she was always tactful, with the greatest consideration for others. Seeing slavery under the most favorable conditions, she realized the great evil of it, not only to the negroes but to their owners as well.

There was a great demand for teachers in the south during those years, and in September, 1847, Grandfather, Grandmother and Aunt Sarah followed Mother, going to Florence, Alabama, to take charge of an academy for young ladies. The following year, Mother joined the teaching force, although urged by Mrs. Barton to remain at a much larger salary. Then the two sons went south and the family was united again.

In 1849 Uncle Charlie went to California, and they never saw him again. He removed, in a few years, to Nevada and died there.

Uncle John remained in the south, married a southern girl and joined the Confederate army. After the Battle of the Wilderness, he was reported missing and was never heard of again.

In August, 1850, Aunt Sarah came north to Hannibal, Mo., and taught there for several years, then married Judge John I. Campbell. They had three children, Martha, John and Mildred. She died there March 6, 1876.

It was while they were both teaching in Florence that Father and Mother became engaged.

Grandfather employed, of her master, a mulatto girl, to take care of the school rooms in Florence. She was very eager to learn, but it was against the law to teach a slave. She lingered about the school rooms and picked up a little knowledge here and there, sometimes slyly asking a question, or stealing a glimpse at a book, and she really learned to read. She had a good ear for music and sometimes when she thought she was alone, they would hear on a piano the melody some girl had practiced. She begged to be brought north when, in June, 1851, Mother went, with her parents, to Quincy, Illinois, but it was impossible at that time.

Grandfather's plan was to open a school in St. Louis, but on reaching that city he was advised to go on to Quincy. Here he bought a girls' school, of Miss Catherine Beecher, sister of Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Stowe. Mother taught with him till she was married to Father, March 15, 1852, by Dr. Marks of the Presbyterian church. Forty-four years later they were spending the winter in California and made quite a little journey to call upon Dr. Marks, then an old man.

The Quincy school was well attended and success-

ful, but in a few years, when the father and mother were left alone, and Aunt Bicknell was alone in Sherburne, she persuaded them to return to the old family home. Grandfather taught there, preparing boys for college, until a short time before his death in 1860. Then Father and Mother urged Grandmother to come to them. It was an invitation that appealed to her, for she knew she could be useful in such a family. She came, bringing furniture for her own room to make it seem as homelike as possible. She was a wonderful Grandmother. Her love for housekeeping made her a very real help in the family and lifted many burdens from Mother's shoulders. Her room was a favorite gathering place for the children. We sat around her fire before going to bed and heard stories of bygone days while she administered to chilblained or stone-bruised feet, a magical salve of her own manufacture. In a bag hung on a convenient hook were neat rolls of bandages made of soft old linen handkerchiefs and everything needed for "first aid." The victim of childish accidents lost no time in reaching Grandma. When the injury was properly attended to, the last trace of tears was removed by the bestowal of a piece of candy from the box in the left-hand corner of her "deep drawer." Is it any wonder that we always sympathized deeply with poor children who had no Grandma in their home? Her last illness was painful, but heroically borne, and she died in August, 1877.

Let us return to that eventful March 15, 1852, when Susan Stebbins became the wife of Reese H. Griffith. After a brief honeymoon they came to Rushville. People have told us of the pretty bride as she appeared the first time, her face framed in a white satin bonnet, which she wore with some protest as showing her too evidently a bride. She only made one visit to Quincy

after her marriage. When little Mary was three months old she took her to visit the grandparents. It was an all-night stage ride of fifty-five miles. The baby was about worn out and we suspect the little mother was too, but we never heard of it. When the stage drove up to the house Grandfather lifted the baby out and, passing her on, said "Here is your baby, Grandma!" and turning back to mother, added "and here's mine!" She had a happy time, the petted darling of the household once more, but such tales of loneliness came from Rushville that she returned in three weeks.

In 1857 when they built the house that was ever after home, they planted the garden with fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs and plants that have been a joy all the years. To us, who loved her best there is a precious memory of Mother among her roses. Especially she loved the early morning and all through the summer she would come in, every morning, with her hands full of roses fresh with dew. She lived a beautiful life, literally giving herself in service for others and gaining thereby the love of all who knew her. For sixty-five years she was the center of the home—years full of cares, anxieties and joy.

There were times when the growing family was very crowded in the little home. There were times of sickness, with the children and grandmothers, when the burdens were almost too great to be borne, but her courage never failed, and through all the years she kept a clear outlook on life and a firm faith in God.

Throughout her life she found joy in the beauties of Nature. She loved the birds, the flowers, the stars and all out-of-doors. She never lost her delight in the simple things of life, as she always kept her love and sympathy for little children. She dearly loved her grandchildren and great-grandchildren and took great

delight in their love for her. The last years were peaceful, quiet and happy. She had few of the infirmities of old age and retained her interest in the affairs of life.

Five times she crossed the continent to enjoy a winter in Southern California, always ready, in the spring, to return to the old home and beloved garden.

The winter of 1916-1917 she chose to spend at home. On the second of February she fell and broke her hip. After four weeks of patient suffering she fell asleep, March 6, 1917, in the ninety-first year of her age.

L. E. G.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



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